Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan ſhall be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* leade him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſayſt thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weezel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In fayth ile know your buſines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize, but if you

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, loue. (goe.

La. Come, come, you Parraquito, anſwer mee directly vnto this queſtion that I ſhall aske: in fayth ile breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler, loue; I loue thee not;
I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloody noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*, what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Doe you not loue me? doe you not indeede?
Well, doe not then? for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Doe you not loue me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeake in ieſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe-backe, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I goe: nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further: but ha
Whither I go, thither ſhall you g
To day will I ſet forward; to morr
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force.

Enter Prince an

Prince. Ned, prethee come ou
meethy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where haſt beene, *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logg
foure-ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue fou
Humility. Sirra, I am ſworne broth
can call them all by their Chriſtian
Francis; they take it already vpon t
I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the Ki
flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Fa*
Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the
when I am King of *England*, I
Lads in *Eaſtcheap*. They call drinkin
when you breathe in your watring,
play it off. To conclude, I am ſo goo
ter of an houre, that I can drinke w
Language during my life. I will tell
much honor, that thou wert not w
ſweet *Ned*: to ſweeten which nam
penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now
skinker, one that neuer ſpake other
ſhillings and 6. pence, and *You are we*
dition, *Anon, anon ſir, Skore a pint*
or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time ti
doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome,
Drawer, to what end he gaue me the
calling *Francis*, that his tale to me m
ſtep aſide, and ile ſhew thee a preſent

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke down i

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